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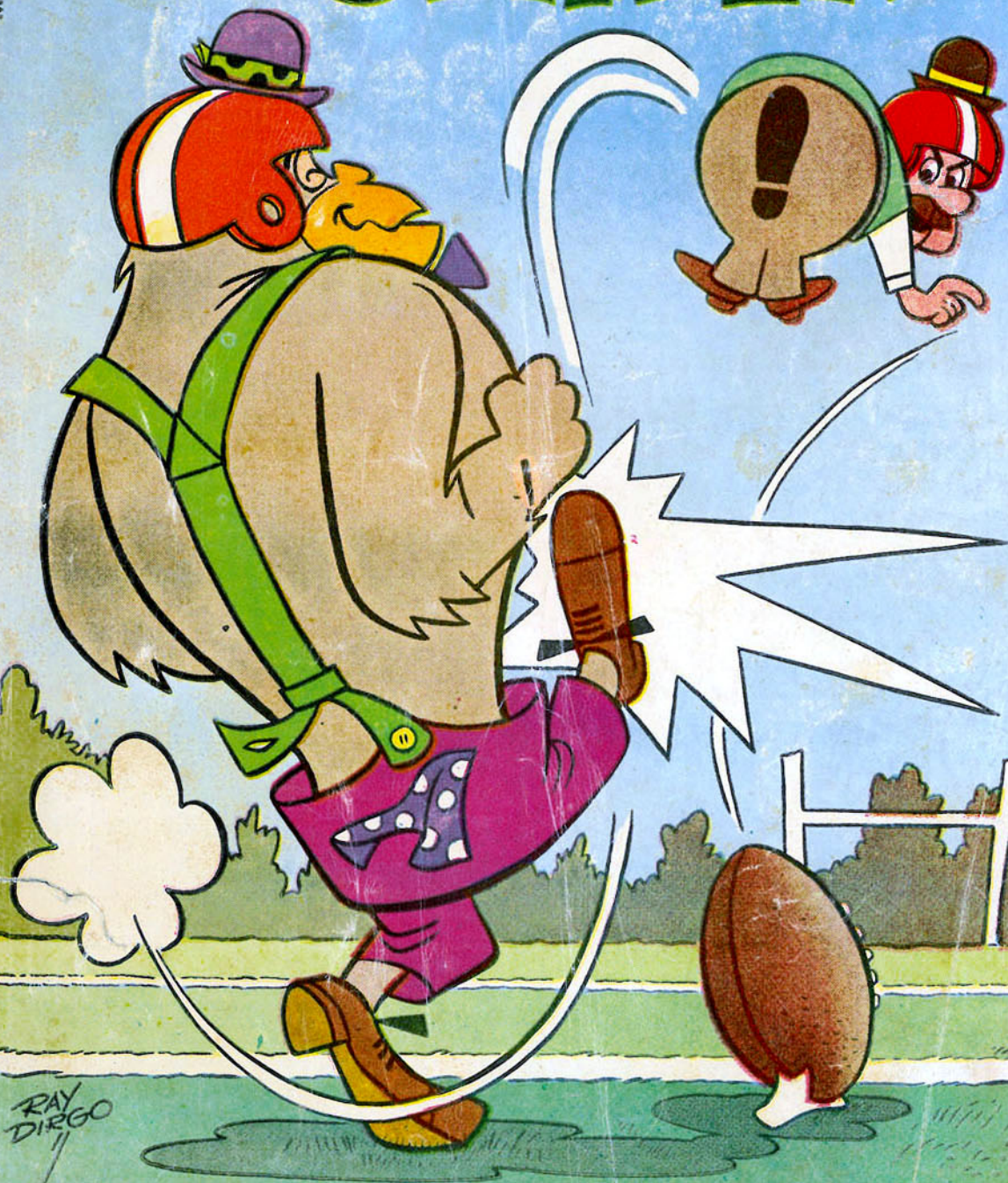


MAGILLA GORILLA

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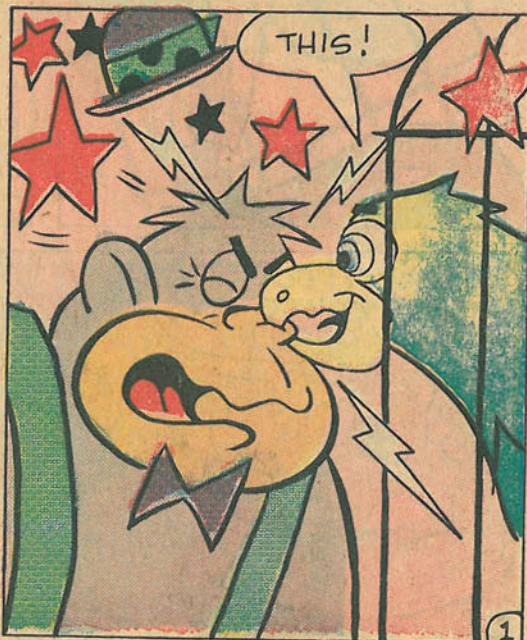
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MAGILLA GORILLA in Who's Minding the Store?



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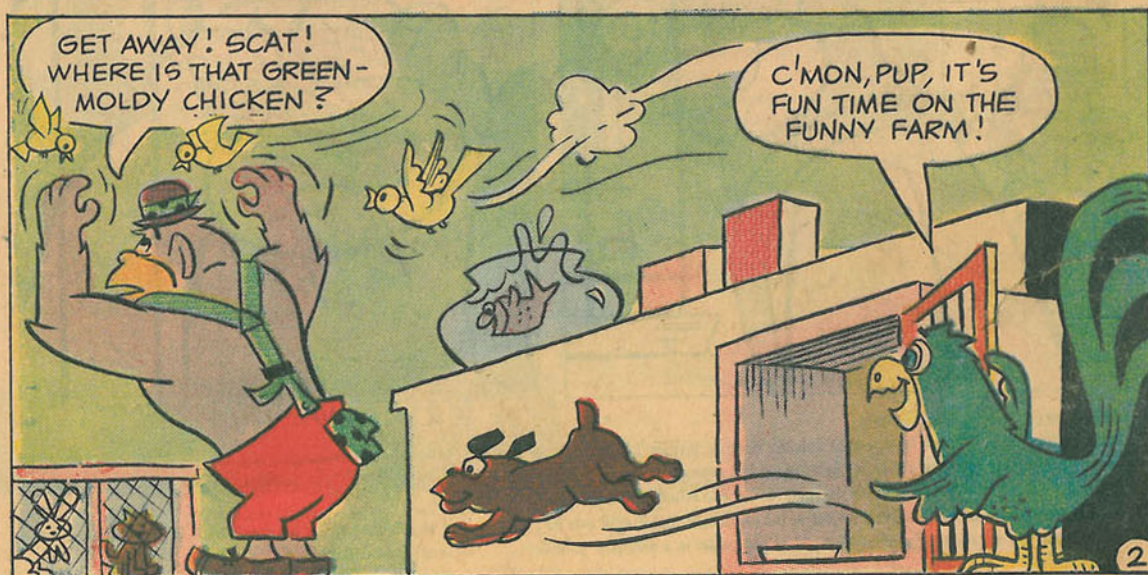
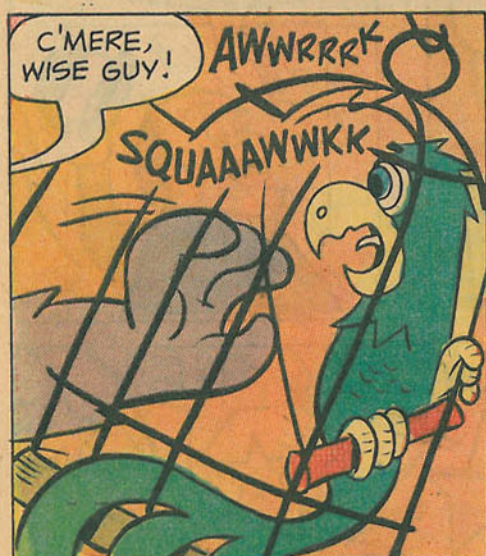
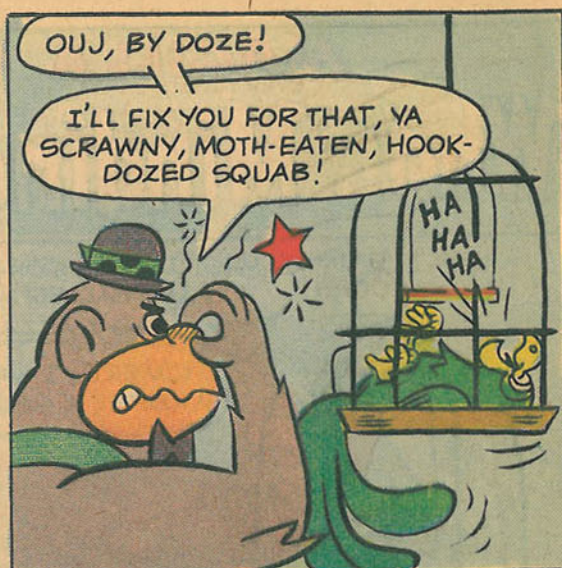
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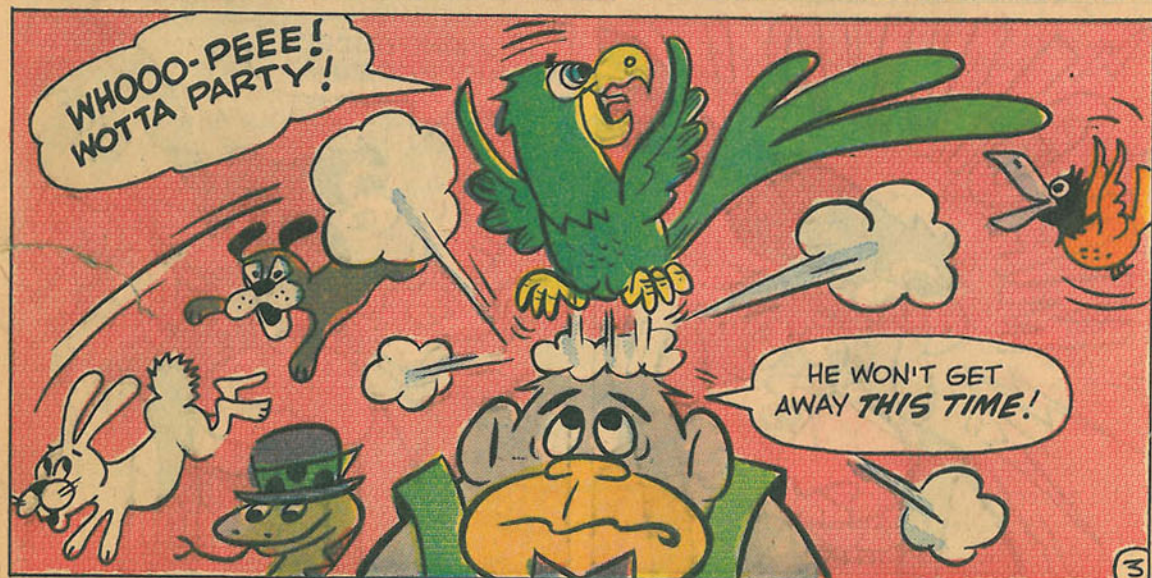
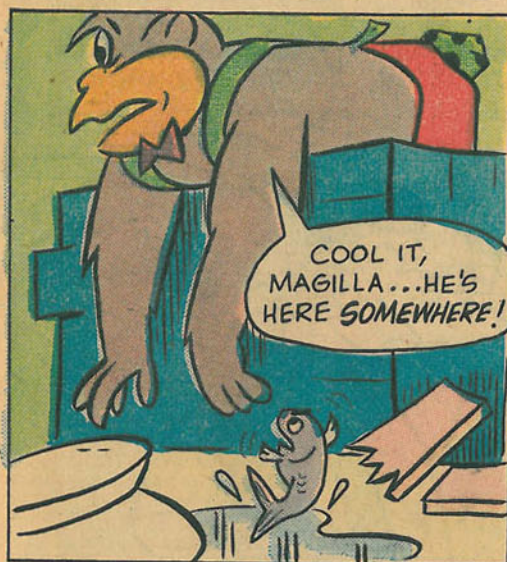
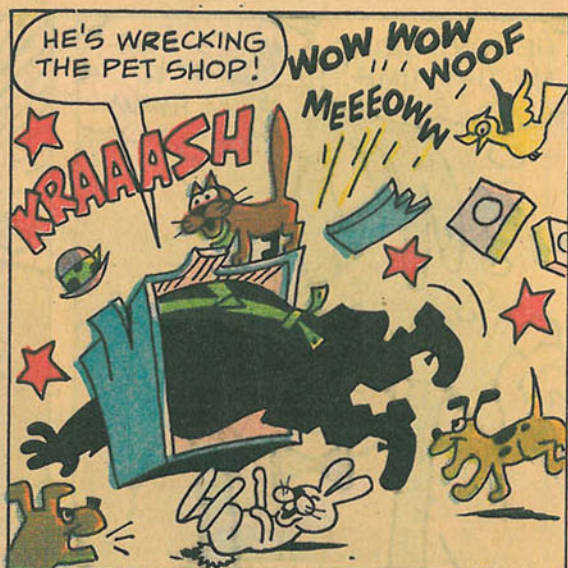
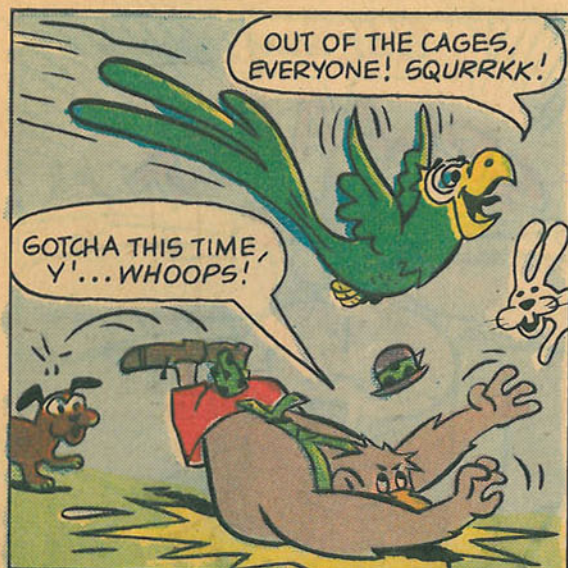
Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed

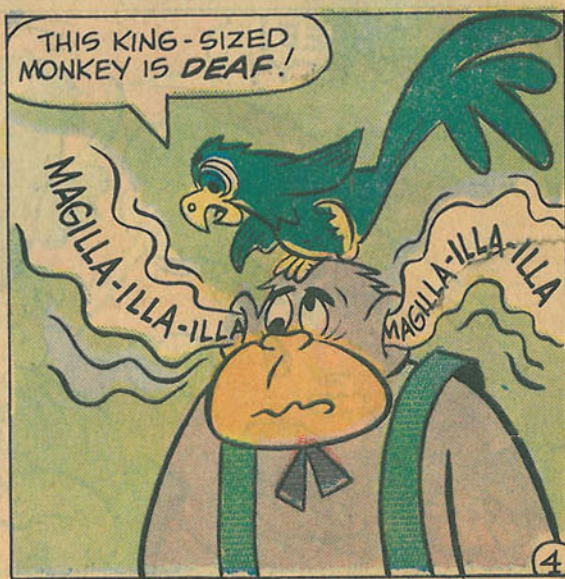
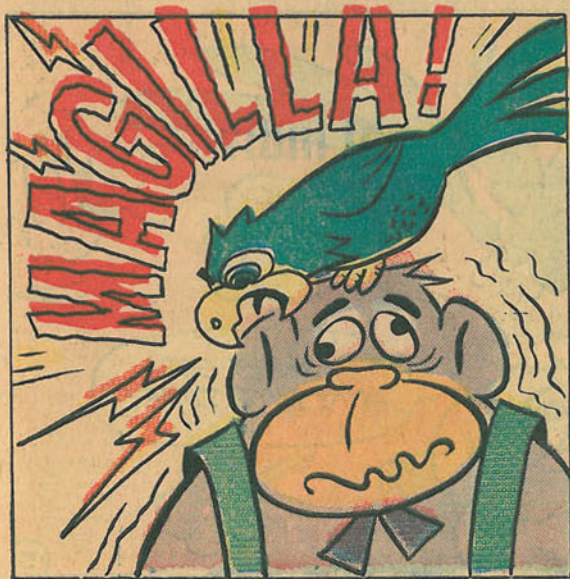
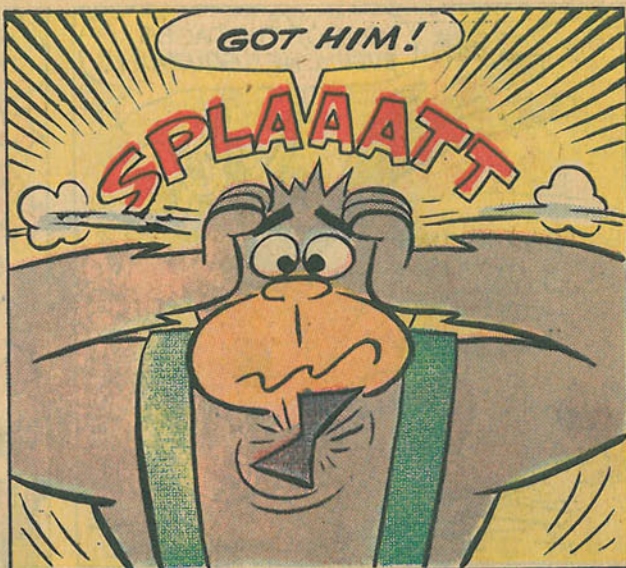
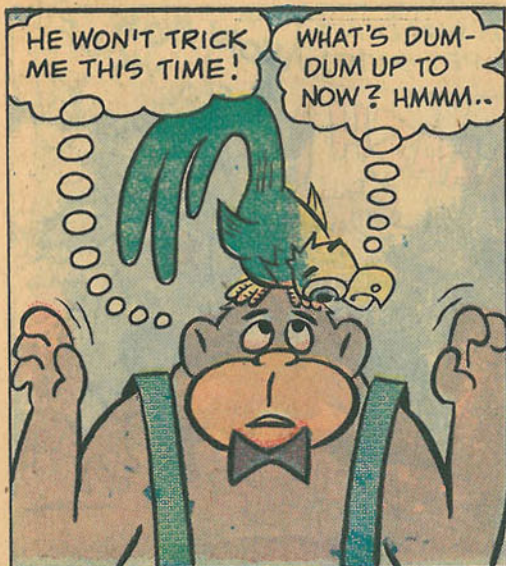
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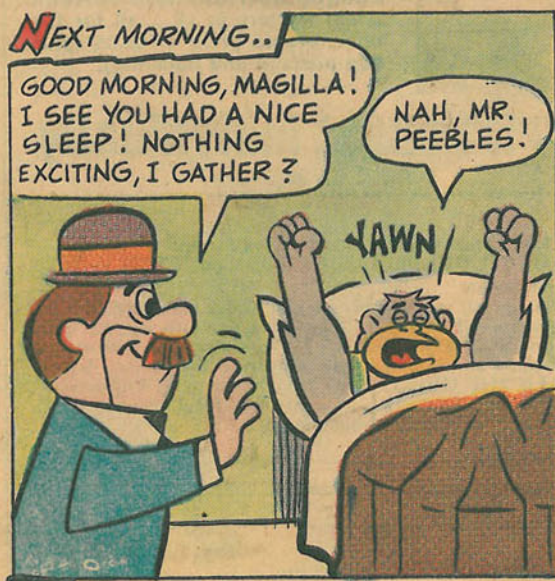
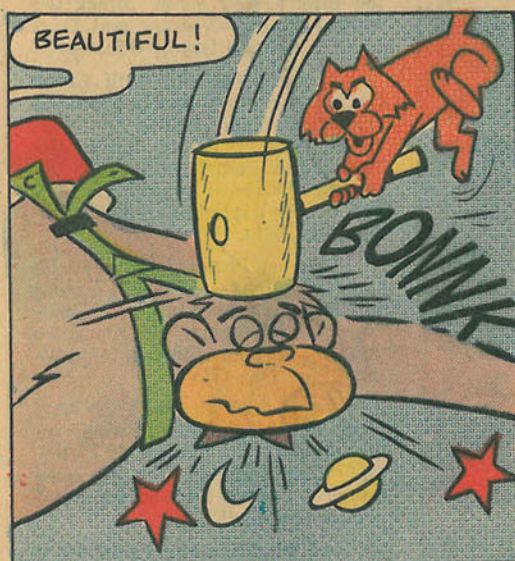
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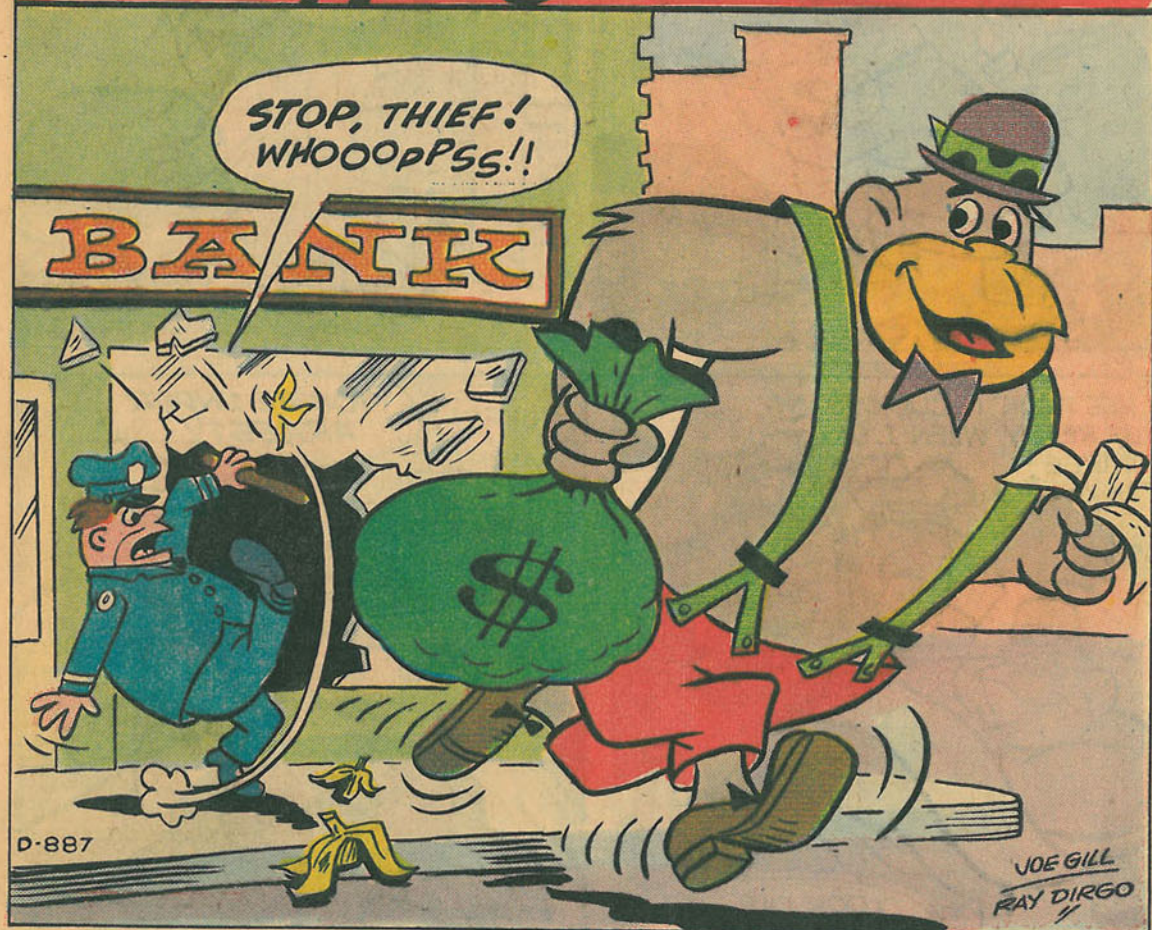


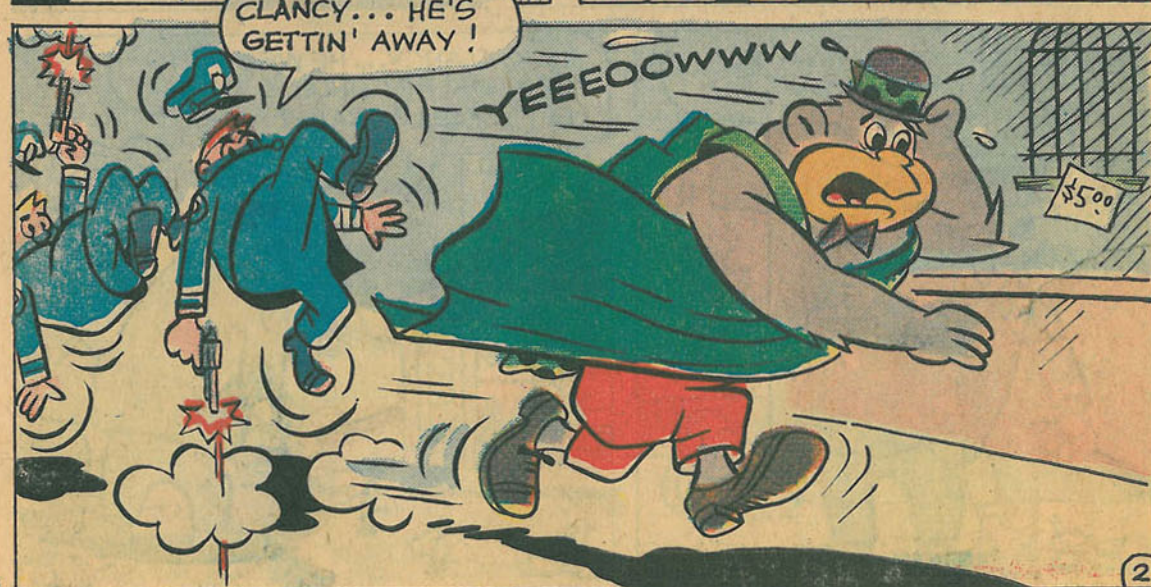


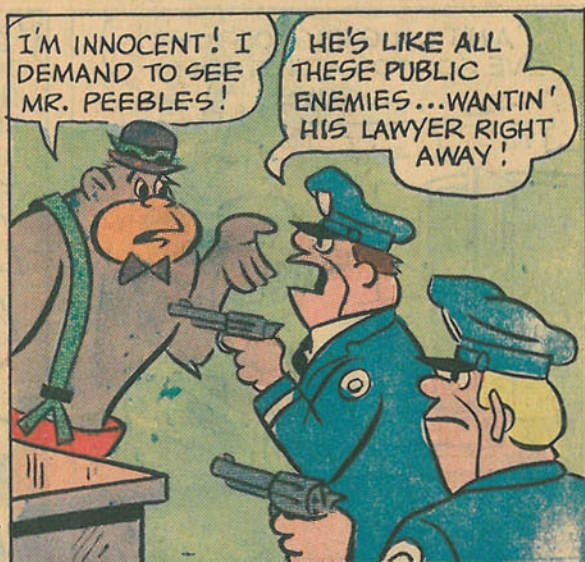
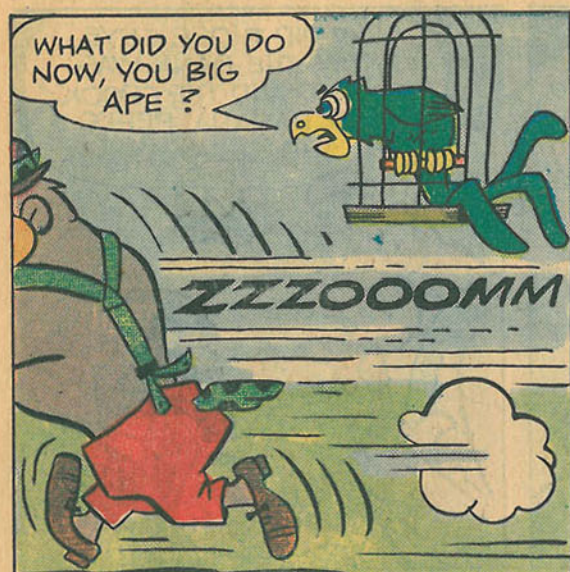
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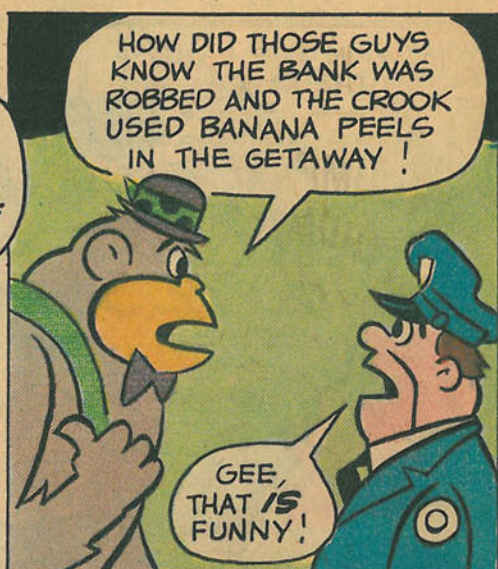
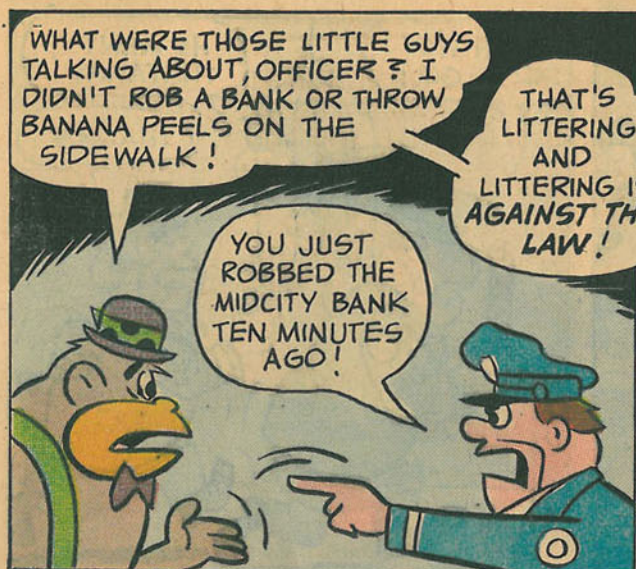


MAGILLA GORILLA in *A Slippery Customer*



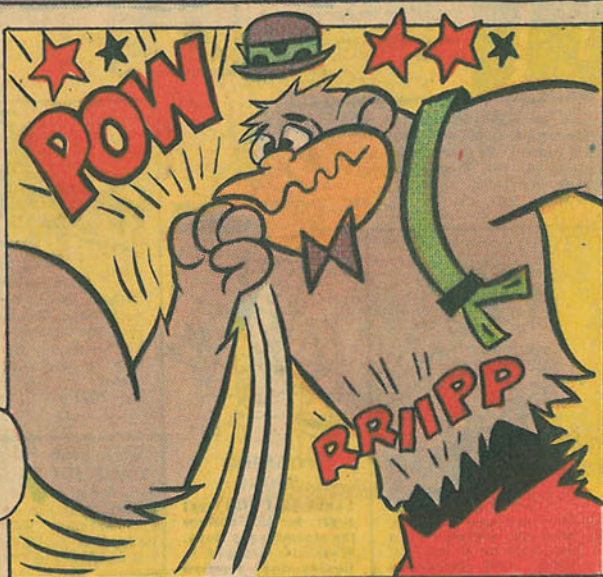
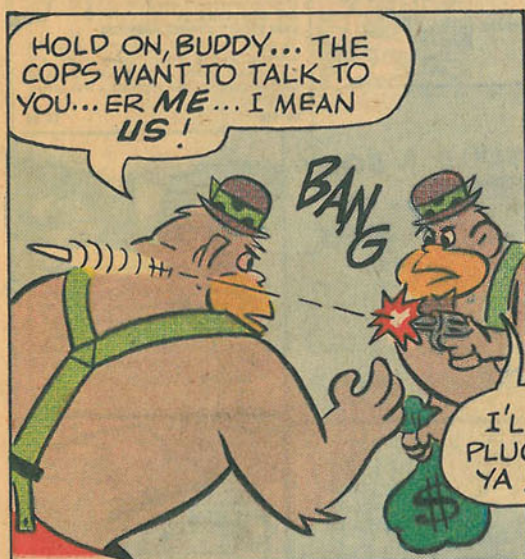




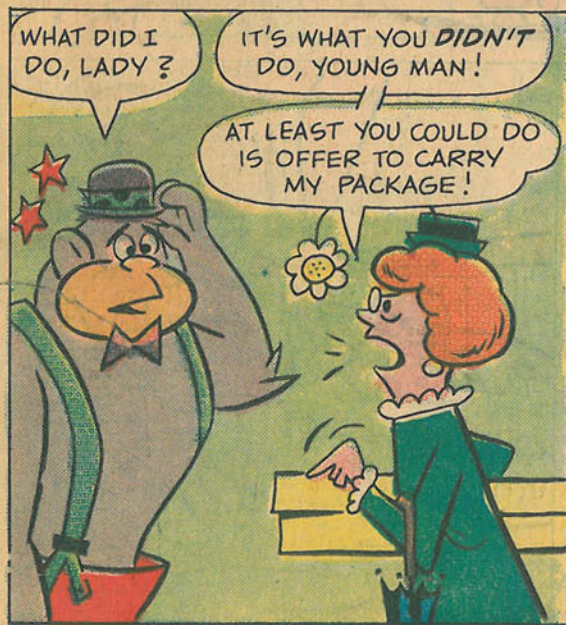
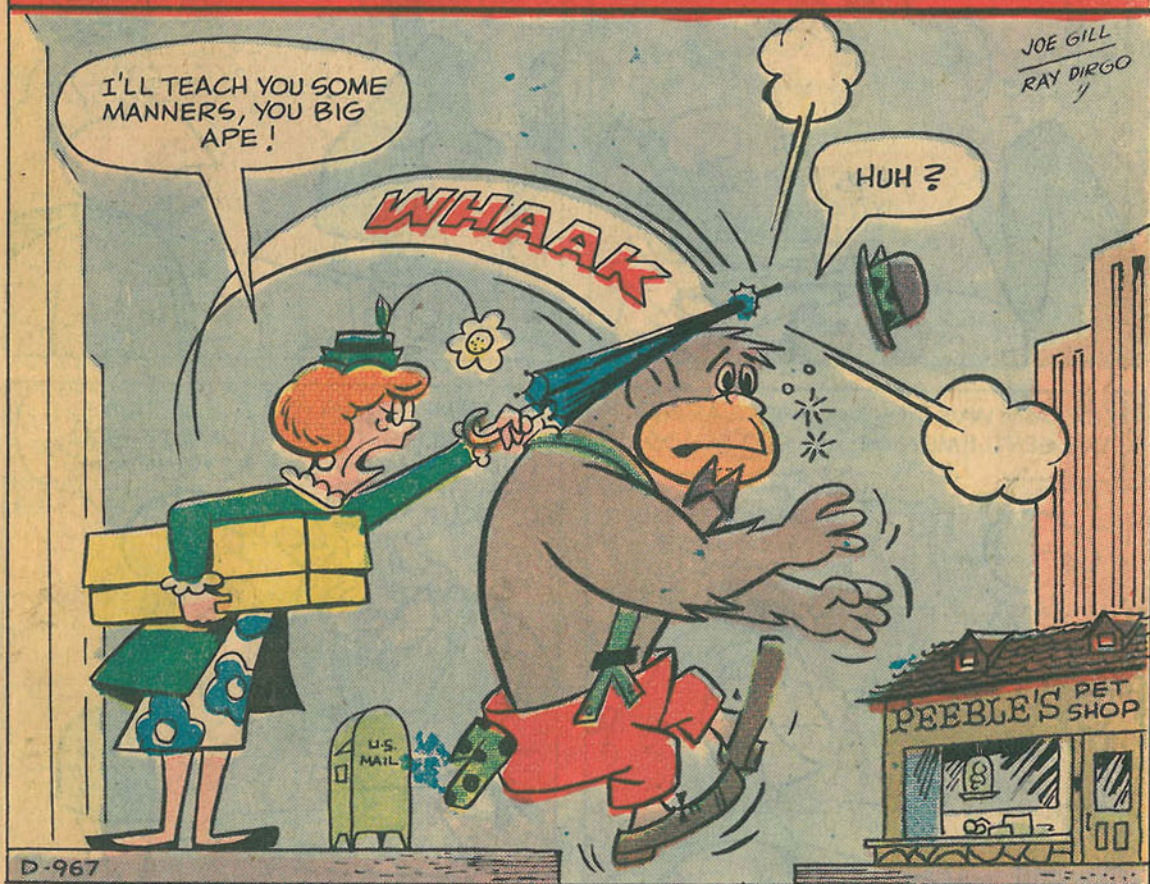


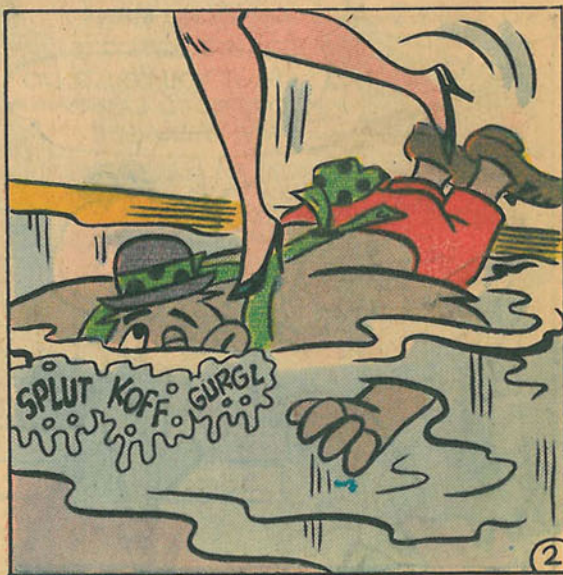
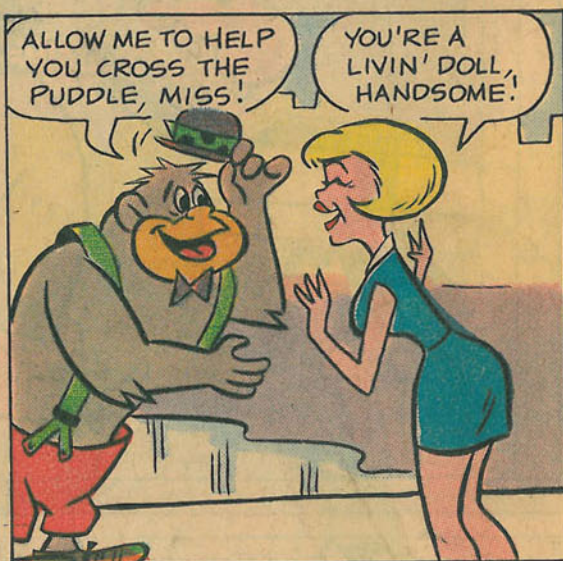
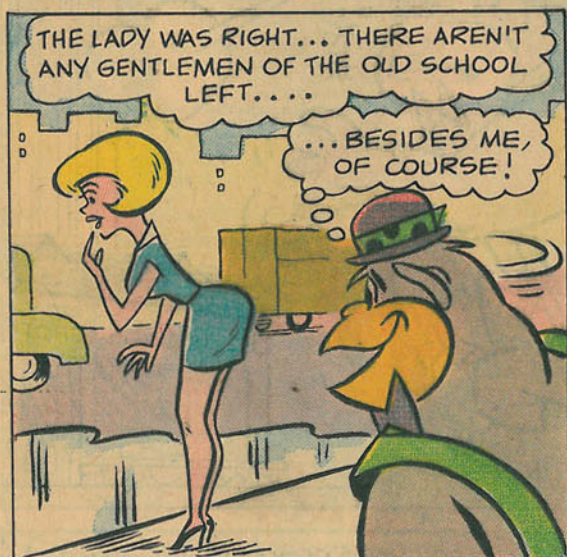
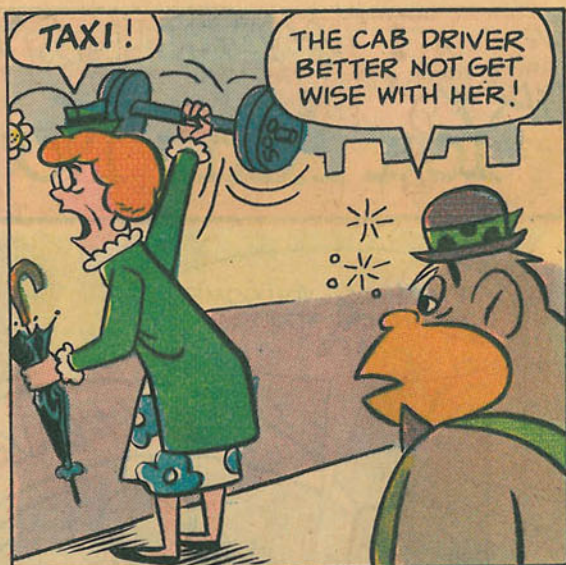
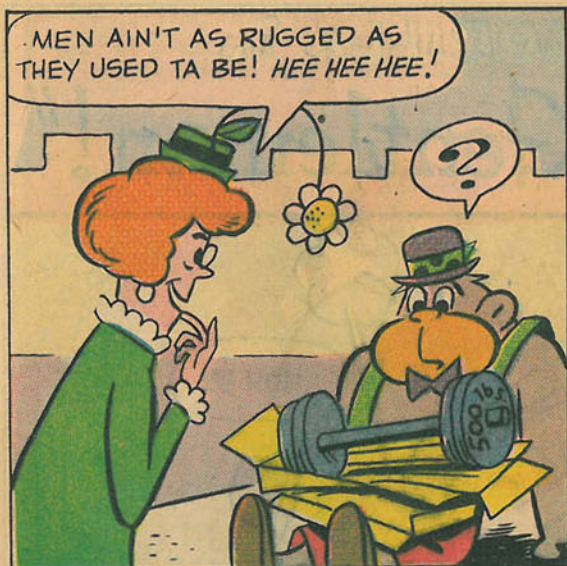
IN A SECRET HIDEOUT NEAR THE PET SHOP, SURE ENOUGH...

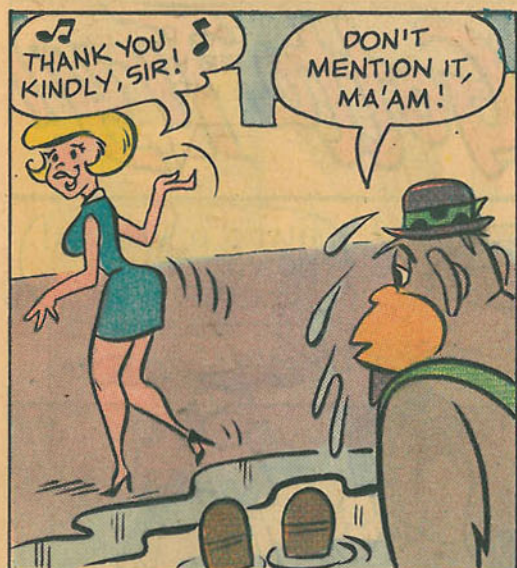




MAGILLA GORILLA in "You Ain't No Gentleman!"

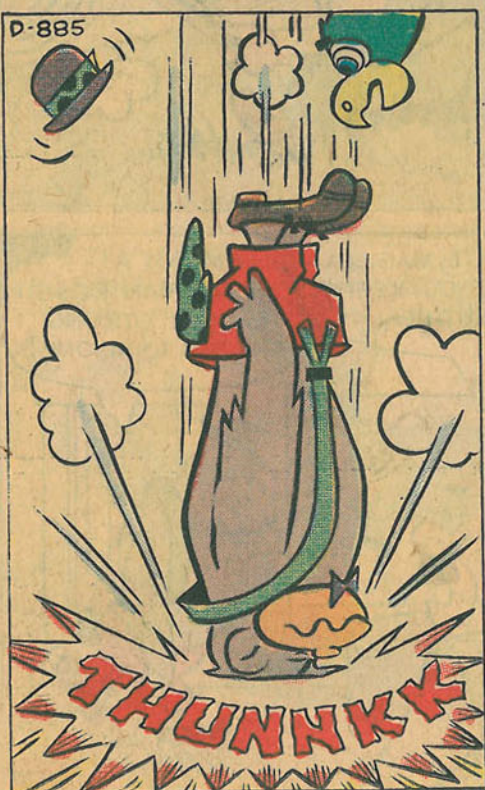
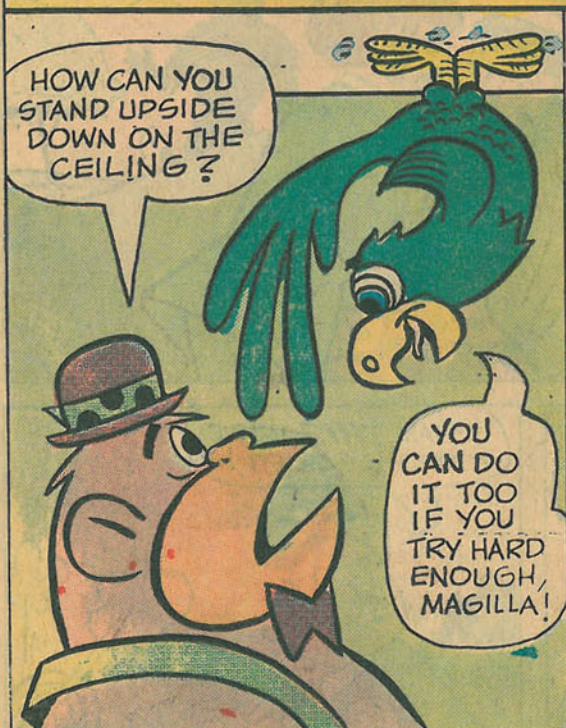






MAGILLA GORILLA

in *Ya Gotta Try!*

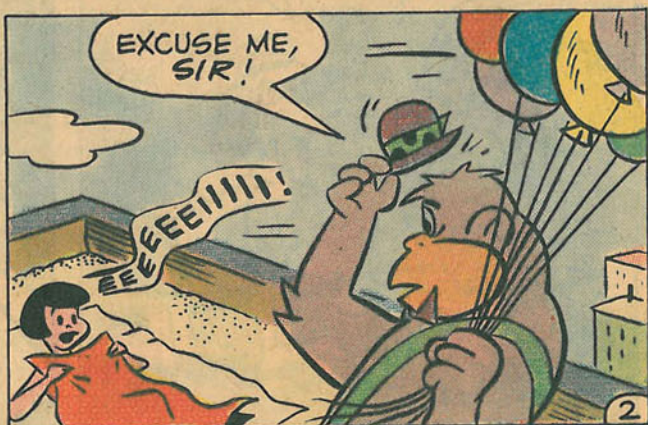
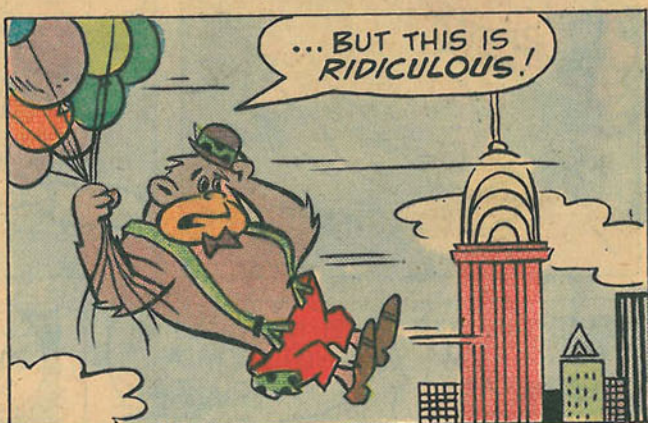
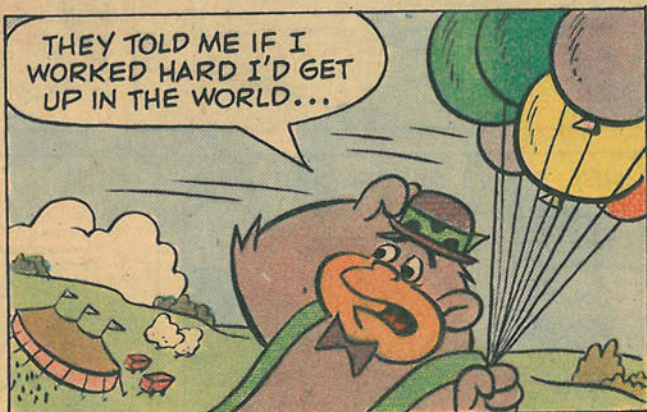


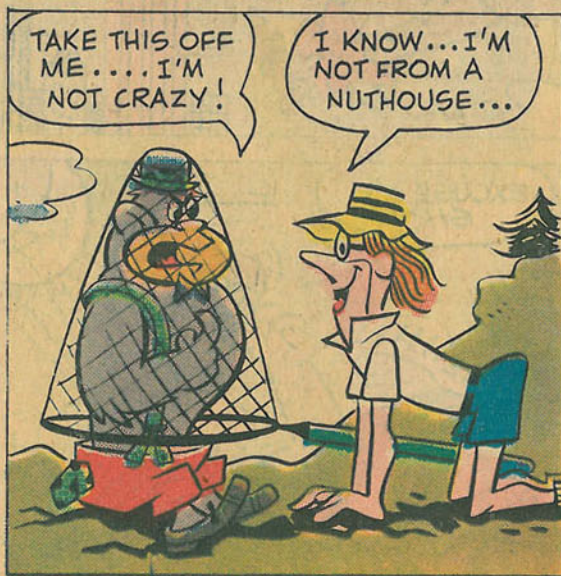
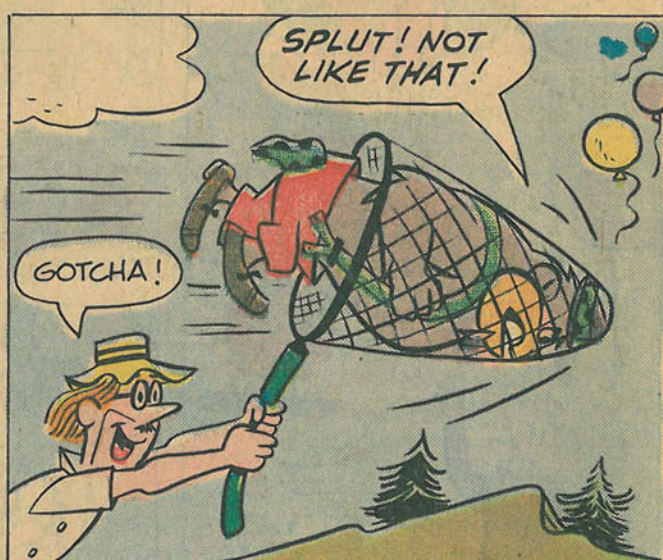
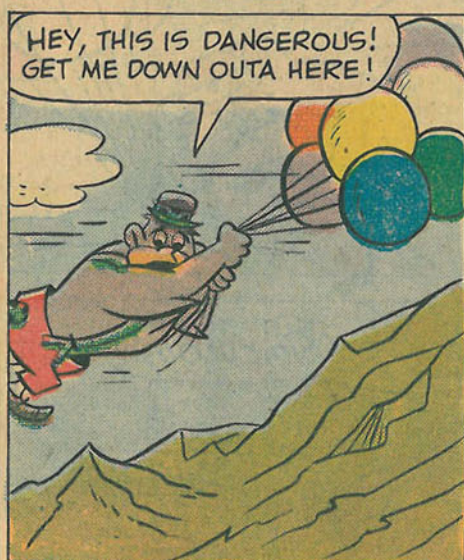
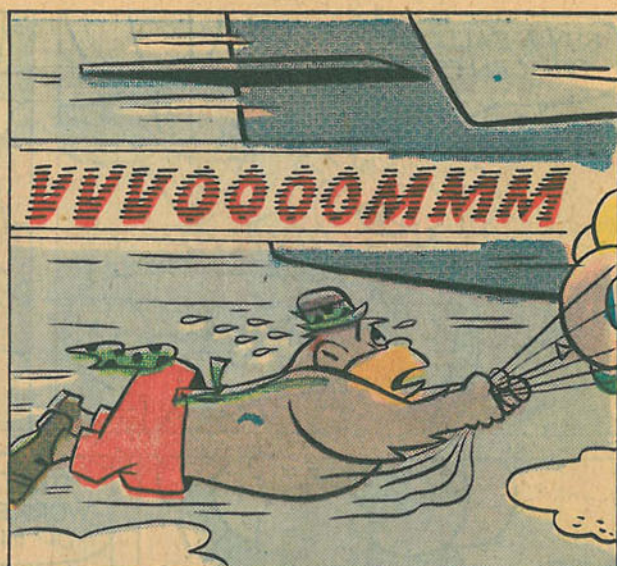
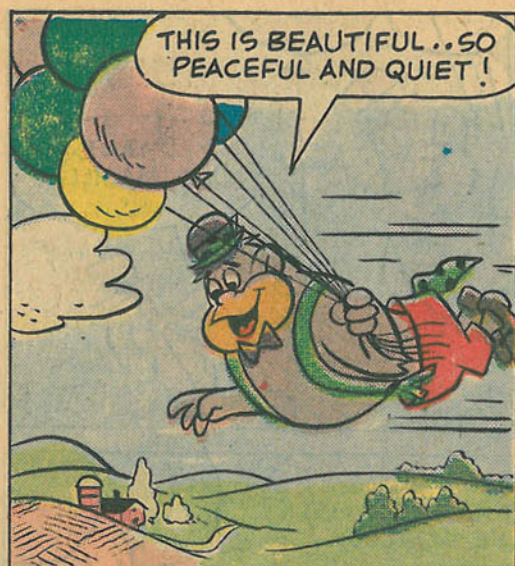
MAGILLA GORILLA PIN-UP



MAGILLA GORILLA in **HIGH, NEIGHBOR!**







END

BOMERS, MOANERS AND GROANERS



For more than thirty years I have those darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they have studied and learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing the word or doesn't make the meaning or the thought clear, those kids can give you some unusual answers.

I was going to teach my class something about snakes. I had in my lesson plan: viper-any venomous old world snake; a small snake common in northern Eurasia; has venom conducting fangs. So I asked the question: "Who can tell me what a viper is?"

You should have seen how many hands went up. I looked at Tommy. "You may stand and answer the question," I told him.

"A viper is what cleans the windshield of my father's car," he said. "That kind of a viper is known as a windshieldviper."

"He's wrong," objected Mary. "A viper is a treacherous person. Has nothing to do with cars."

"My father once took me to the aquarium and I saw a viperfish," added Francine. "I guess that means the viperfish is a very really treacherous fish."

Later when I went home, I discovered to my surprise that there actually was a fish called the viperfish. Who doesn't know even a teacher can learn something from kids?

I had been talking with my class about the things that they wanted to do. Something important to each. For example, one boy wanted to fly a kite from Japan. One girl wanted to be a nurse. I called this: "My Aim". At the end of the week I gave each student half a sheet of paper. In two sentences, each student was to write on this topic. This is what I received from little Hugo:

"May aym is to nevair too mayk a missteak in Speling. Eye wandt two B perfickt."

He deserved a lot of praise considering the short time he had been in this country.

I had to teach my students something about the Sun, the Moon, and the stars. Maybe I deserved the answers I got.

"Who can tell me which is more important to us: The Sun or The Moon?"

A lot of hands went up and it was my misfortune to pick on Joey.

"The Moon is more important than the Sun," he began. "Everybody knows that the Sun comes out in the daytime when it is light. But the Moon comes out in the night when it is dark."

Then I asked the question that a lot of teachers have asked even before I was born.

"How many stars are there in the Heavens?"

"Maybe 300," suggested Helene.

"She's wrong," said Michael. "I know there are 1215 stars."

"They are all guessing," said Peter. "Suppose we wait until we have a nice clear night. Then we all go out and count them."

There is one question that I am certain millions of parents as well as teachers have asked: "What are you doing?" It may be the action of a child that causes this question to be asked. Or it may be the facial expression.

"What are you doing?" I asked the boy in the fourth seat in row three. His name was Joey. "Nothing," he replied. Just that one word and nothing more.

"Is doing nothing hard to do?" I wanted to know from him.

"Sometimes it is very easy to do. And sometimes it is very hard to do," he informed me.

I should have stopped right at that point. But I didn't.

"How do you do nothing?" I continued. Maybe I wanted to learn.

"Simple," continued Joey. "You just do nothing. Anybody can do it. May take a little practice."

I told myself never again to use this expression. Yet a week later I repeated it. Helen was the girl I aimed the question at in the afternoon.

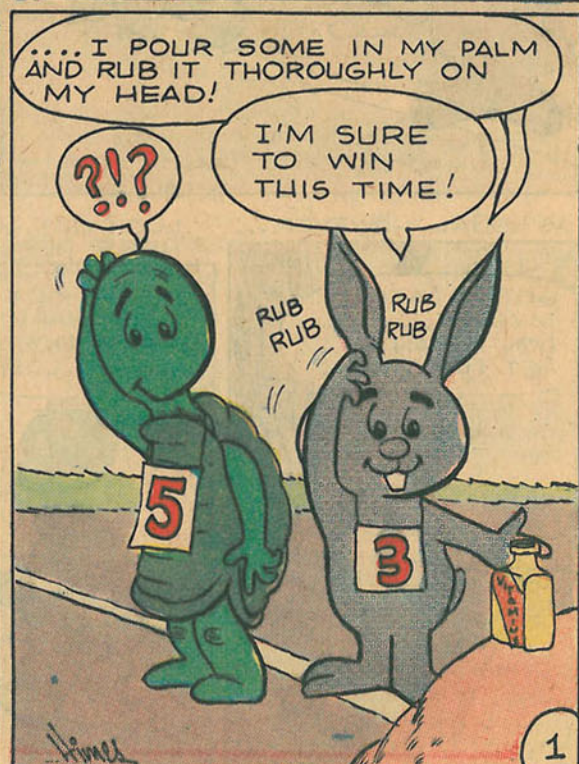
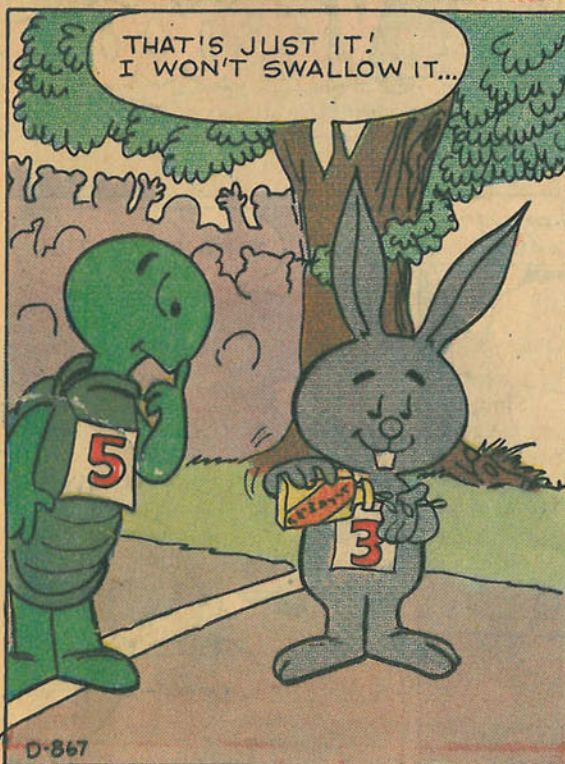
"What are you doing, Helen?" I said.

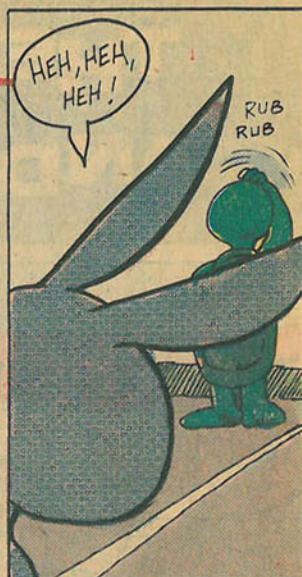
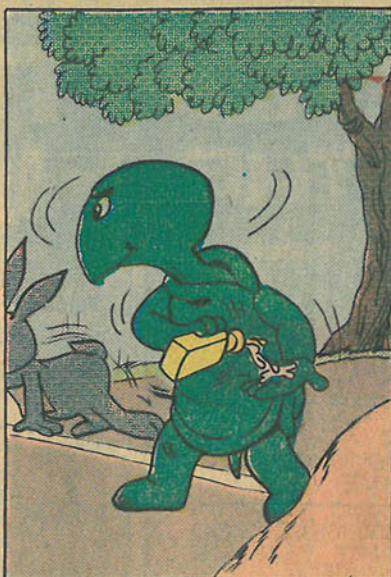
"Thinking," she replied as she arose from her seat in the room.

"What are you thinking about?" I wanted to know.

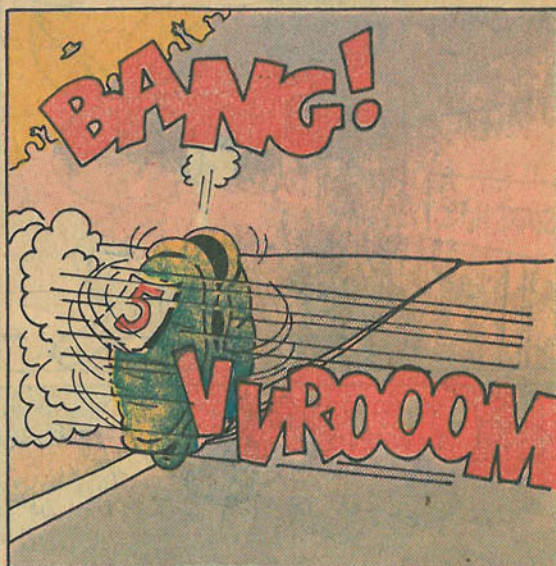
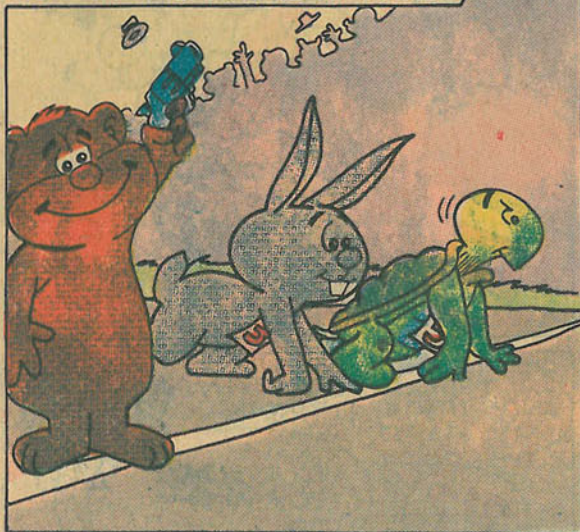
"I am just thinking," she smiled at me. "When I find something to think about I will tell you."

THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE





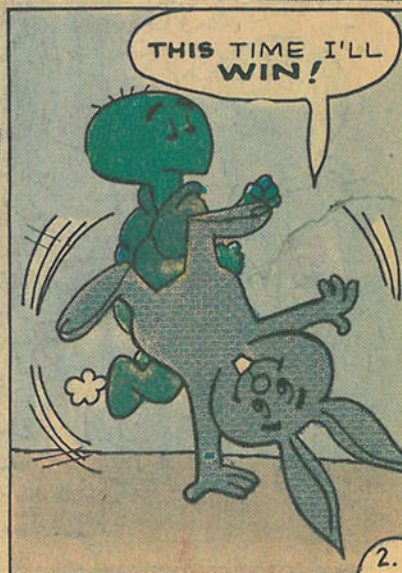
NOW THE MOMENT IS AT HAND!

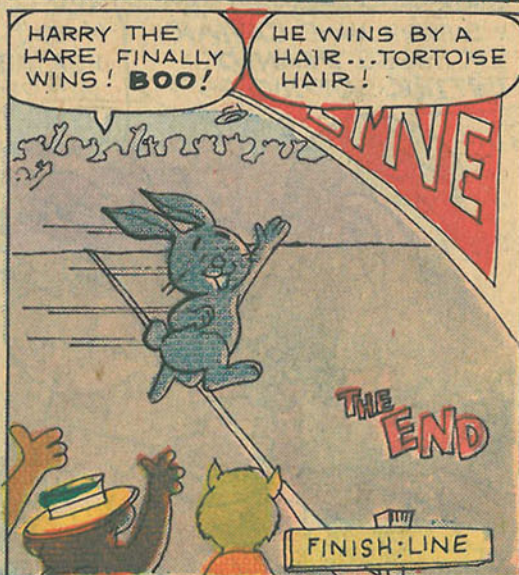
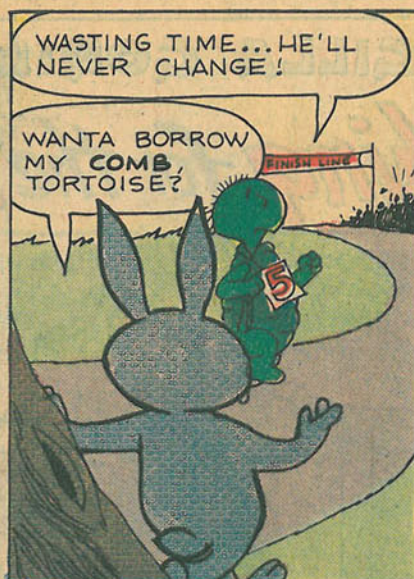


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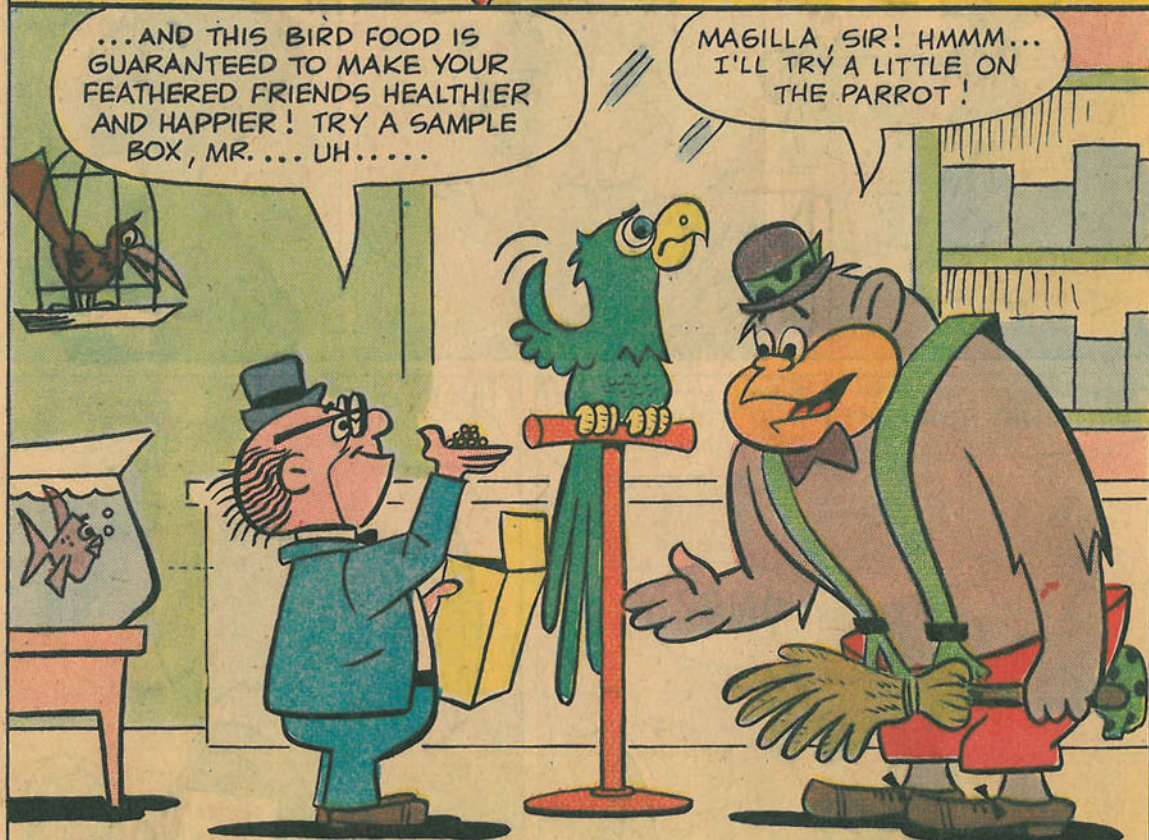


LOOK OUT, HARRY!
HERE HE COMES...





MAGILLA GORILLA in *Something for the Birds*



D-964

STORY-JOE GILL ... ART-RAY DIRGO

